



EASTER BELLS.

Translated from the French.



HE husband was a socialistic and revolutionary deputy of Paris. The wife before her marriage had been an assistant in one of the schools of the city.

He, coming to Paris in sabots at the age of fourteen, had, on discarding them, forgotten entirely and for ever the soil which they had trodden during all his childhood. Baptiste Godfroy, typist, printer, municipal councillor, and finally deputy, no longer remembered the little Baptiste who in olden times minded the sheep; who, barefooted, fished in the running stream; who served Mass for M. le Cure and rang the little bell in front of the procession on feast days. The hands of the little peasant had carried the cross; the thick and hard fingers of the socialist and revolutionary clutched the staff of the red flag which he waved as an incentive to revolt.

In this brain, encumbered with all the follies of the hour, clad in a crumpled romantic-scientific-revolutionary garb, the hatred of the name of God took the place of honor. The mere thought of a priest excited the anger of Baptiste Godfroy; when his glance encountered a steeple, he saw red; when he heard the bells, he foamed. The bells, whose sound followed him long on his way, roused him to fury; they put him to flight, and he did not forgive them this humiliation; as for the steeples, he had only to shut his eyes, or simpler still, just to turn his head not to see them; but the bells! cork up your ears well when the great and grand bell of Notre Dame announces Easter to the good town of King Louis! Oh those bells, he hated them!

His wife shared his hatred. Child of Paris, and daughter of comfortable working people, she had, almost from her cra-